

Sweet & Sour

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Summary: Mia asks Garet to look after a Mercury Djinni named Sour, and it all goes downhill from there... Complete.

***Chapter 1*: Sweet & Sour**

Note: I'm not a Steamshipper (nearly all my fics end up Mud or Flame). Over half the fics I read have Gareth getting a bad rap. So I decided to give the poor guy a break. Well, not really.

Summary: Mia asks Gareth to look after an extra Mercury Djinni, and that's when it all goes wrong...

Sweet & Sour

A Golden Sun Fanfic by

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Gareth thought he and Mia had an understanding, but clearly he was mistaken.

The thing was, in every group of friends, there was generally someone you didn't associate with, that you just knew solely by association. In their group, it was he and Mia. At least, it had been. You didn't really talk to the person if you could help it, and even if you did, it was never for or about much. Gareth was Isaac's best friend, and Isaac was friends with Mia. That was as far as it went.

It wasn't even that Gareth didn't particularly like Mia. She was soft-spoken, gentle, and sweet. She was the kind of girl virtually any guy could fall for, so of course, Isaac had.

Gareth had no problem with that, as he was far more interested in Jenna. While he could no more admit that aloud than he could toss himself off a cliff, it was still true enough for him. So he did his best to stay in background, watching with only slight jealousy as Isaac and Mia's

relationship grew. He was happy for them, but he couldn't help thinking about Jenna in the hands of those two creeps, Saturos and Menardi.

At any rate, he kept his distance, and for most of their quest, it worked out just fine.

Then Mia, being the charming, innocent girl that she was, decided to change the rules of their unspoken agreement. And that was the beginning of the end of Gareth, Mars Adept.

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They had stopped in a small town's inn for the day. Isaac wanted to sell their old equipment, in case they ran into better (and therefore more expensive) gear. Ivan, for some strange reason, volunteered to go with him. He was possibly the person least fit for such a job, but it was a two-man task, and they were two.

All of which left Gareth in the odd position of having to entertain himself and Mia for the afternoon. The thought of spending time alone with her had never entered his mind, and so he was at a complete loss now.

"Why don't we walk around town for a bit?" Mia suggested. "I bet we'll find something to keep ourselves busy."

Gareth's first instinct was to suggest that they split up, but he didn't want to offend her. "Yeah, okay," he half-answered, half-grunted.

If Mia was bothered by his lack of enthusiasm, she didn't show it as she dragged him absolutely everywhere around town.

Garet put up with it for as long as he could. Frankly, he and Mia had nothing in common, so every place that she found interesting was utterly boring to him. The last straw was when she found a dress shop. He knew from waiting on Jenna for years that he had to make his escape immediately, or he would never make it at all.

"Listen, Mia," Garet said gently but firmly, tugging his arm loose from her grip. "I...just remembered something I left. Back at the inn."

"Oh? Then we'll go back and get it," was her immediate response.

"No," Garet replied quickly. "There's no sense in both of us going. You go on and look at dresses, and I'll go back. It could take a while, anyway, since I'm not sure exactly where I left it."

"Are you sure you don't want any help?" Mia asked with a slight frown. It was almost as if she could sense that he was lying. But that made no sense, as she was a Mercury Adept, not a mind-reading Jupiter like Ivan.

"I can handle it. I'll see you later," Garet stated as he jogged off. Once he was out of sight, it became more of a mad run, in case she changed her mind at the last second and came after him. He ran until he was back at the inn—and then, realizing she'd look for them there first, he turned around and put on another burst of speed, heading to the edge of the forest. He stopped just on the outskirts, where the town was still in plain sight, but also where he was unlikely to run into any creatures that were too strong for him alone to handle.

As he stopped to catch his breath, Garet wondered if avoiding Mia was really worth all this effort. She wasn't a

bad person, she was just...a girl. A girl that he had absolutely nothing in common with. He could hardly hold that against her, but it didn't change the fact that he was uncomfortable around her. Maybe it was just their mastery over opposing elements that did it. That seemed most likely, anyway. But by that logic, shouldn't she want to avoid him? And shouldn't Isaac and Ivan have disliked each other as well? Still, the two blond boys seemed to get along just fine.

"Maybe it's me," he said to himself. "Maybe I'm the one who doesn't belong in this picture." At the time, it seemed like a fairly accurate assumption. Everyone liked Isaac, everyone liked Ivan, and everyone but Gareth liked Mia. And Mia even seemed to like him, which just made him feel worse.

"They'd be better off as a trio," he decided. "Isaac can lead two as well as he can lead three. In fact, it'll be easier for him." Gareth made up his mind to tell his friends that night, and then leave the following morning. It would give him time to say goodbye, and stock up on things he needed. He had his own money, being the grandson of the mayor of Vale, and he would never expect to take items belonging to his friends. He would buy a small boat and simply head wherever the waters guided him.

It was a few seconds later that he pictured a tiny boat with a replica of Mia on the front, sliding gracefully and effortlessly through the sea. With a scowl, he pushed the image away and headed back to the inn.

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It was now or never, Gareth knew. His friends were all seated around the inn's main table, reliving their adventures with grinning faces. This would ruin their mood, most likely, but there was nothing for it.

As Gareth made his way over to them, Mia caught his eye, and he could almost see the dread welling up in her heart. Could it be that she knew what he was planning? No, that was impossible. There was no way she could've followed him into the forest, not with the way he ran. And he hadn't spoken of his plans since. But why else would she be looking at him with such obvious worry?

Before he could even think to open his mouth, Mia leaped to her feet.

"Garet, could I speak with you in private for a moment?" she asked, her eyes pleading with him to say yes.

He paused and gaped at her, not sure what to say at first. "Uh...yeah, sure," Gareth responded after a long moment.

There was something like relief in Mia's eyes as she took his hand and led him outside.

Garet threw a glance back at Isaac and Ivan, who were staring after them in obvious confusion. Gareth mouthed, "I don't know," and shrugged. Isaac nodded, but Ivan did something that disturbed Gareth to no end, for some reason.

He smiled.

* * * * *

"Garet, can I put my trust in you?"

It was such an odd question, and it came so suddenly, that Gareth had to ask her to repeat it.

"Can I put my trust in you?" Mia asked again.

"...this is what you wanted to talk to me about?"

"Garet, please answer the question," she insisted, that worried look returning to her eyes.

Garet hated the fact that he made her feel that way, so he did as she asked. "Yes. I mean, if you want to tell me something in confidence, I wouldn't tell anyone else."

Mia smiled. "That's not what I meant, but it's a start. What I meant was, if I give you something, can you keep it safe for me?"

He was at once immensely relieved. Garet had feared she might throw herself at him and beg him not to leave. Much as he didn't like Mia, the last thing he wanted to do was make her cry. He wasn't sure if could handle being responsible for a beautiful girl's—well, any girl's—tears.

"Sure, I can do that," Garet replied—but instantly realized that by making that statement, he'd unknowingly made it impossible for him to leave the group now.

"Oh, good! I was hoping you'd say that." Mia held out her hands, as if she expected him to give her something. Without warning, a Mercury Djinni appeared in her hands. "When you left me today, I stumbled upon this little one. You see, I already have seven Djinn, and so I need someone to look after her. I want that someone to be you."

Garet was floored. This was completely unexpected. Finally, he asked weakly, "Don't you think this a job better suited to Isaac? Or Ivan?"

"It may be," Mia replied softly, her eyes locked on his. "But I'm asking you, Garet. Please do this for me."

He wanted to say no. But Garet looked into Mia's pleading eyes, and then he looked at the little Djinni that was staring

up at him so curiously. Even then, he still had every intention of saying no. But before he realized what was happening, his mouth had said, "I'll do it."

The smile that spread across Mia's face could've lit up the darkest room. She held the Djinni up to her face. "Sour, Gareth is going to take care of you now. Don't worry, he'll be good to you."

Sour made a soft little chirring noise and curled its tail around her wrist.

Mia giggled. "I won't ever be far away. Anyway, I think you two would be good for each other." She held the Djinni out to Gareth. "Go on."

Not sure if she was speaking to Sour or himself, Gareth hesitantly picked up Sour. He was at once surprised that he couldn't feel any heat radiating from it, but reminded himself that this was not one of his Mars Djinn. "Hey, little guy."

Mia frowned. "Sour is a girl, Gareth."

"...oh. Sorry," Gareth apologized quickly.

Sour didn't seem at all bothered by his comment. She was too busy staring at his face.

"She's...not mad at me, is she?"

"No," Mia answered in slight surprise. "She's just studying you. She's not used to beings of other elements."

"That makes two of us," Gareth sighed. "This is going to take some getting used to."

"That's the idea," Mia reminded him gently. "She won't be quite like the Djinn you're used to."

It suddenly occurred to Gareth that, not only was it possible that some of his own Mars Djinn were female, but that he had never really had to put any effort into making sure they were happy. As a rule, all of his Djinn seemed to take great pleasure from being summoned into battle, so he had never even stopped to wonder if anything else pleased them.

He was still thinking this over when Mia touched his arm. "Were you really going to leave because of me?" she asked sadly.

Garet could come up with no answer to that, not with the way she was looking at him.

Mia took his silence as an answer and let her hand fall away. "If you won't stay for my sake, then stay for Isaac's. You have no idea how much of his confidence depends on you being by his side." With that said, she turned and slowly walked off.

He watched her pass several buildings, drawing closer to the shoreline. For an instant, he thought she might be doing something drastic. But then he reminded himself that this was Mia. She was not rash and impulsive like he was. She would never intentionally harm herself, if only for fear of what it would do to Isaac. Gareth felt ashamed that he had never considered how Isaac would react to his leaving. They had been like brothers since before they could crawl, yet he had tried to detach himself so easily. Did his bond with Isaac mean so little to him, now that one was in love and the other was lonely?

Garet was so focused on his thoughts that he never noticed he was not alone until Ivan spoke.

"Looks like you made a new friend."

Blinking slowly, Gareth turned to him with a look of suspicion. "You knew this would happen."

Ivan shook his head. "I sensed Mia would make you stay, but I wasn't sure how." He locked gazes with Gareth. "I'm not going to tell Isaac what you were planning to do, and I doubt Mia will, either. But I certainly hope you realize how important you are to our group, Gareth. Mia wouldn't make you stay if she didn't think so, too."

"And what do you think?" Gareth asked.

Ivan smiled. "I think it was no accident that Mia found that Djinni. I think I'm glad you're not going anywhere. And I think this Djinni will help you get in touch with your... mercurial side."

"Is that supposed to be funny?!" Gareth demanded.

"No, I was being perfectly serious," Ivan replied, though his lips twitched a bit as he said it.

Before Gareth could come up with a response, he suddenly felt very, very wet.

Ivan clapped a hand over his mouth in an obvious attempt to keep from laughing out loud.

It was then that Gareth noticed he was no longer holding Sour in his wet hands. With a sigh, he asked, "She's doing this, isn't she?" even as it continued to rain on only him.

"I think...heh...she's trying...ha ha...to cool you down!" Ivan gasped between snickers.

Frowning, Gareth reached up and snatched Sour off of his head. "STOP WITH THE RAIN!!! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?! I'M A MARS ADEPT AND I DON'T LIKE RAIN!!!"

Sour's little body seemed to vibrate, and it soon became obvious that she was shaking with laughter.

Scowling angrily, Gareth tucked her under his arm and stormed into the inn, followed closely by his own personal rain cloud

"Oh dear," Ivan said, shaking his head and still chuckling weakly. "I do believe this will be quite amusing."

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The next day, Isaac couldn't help but notice that Gareth was in a very foul mood as they traveled. He knew his friend could be very emotional from time to time, but this new behavior was downright bothersome. So when the group stopped for a short break in a small clearing, Isaac carefully approached the large boulder that Gareth was sitting on.

"Gareth, is something bothering you?" he asked cautiously.

Gareth glared at him, and for a moment, Isaac thought his friend might snap off a hurtful comment. Finally, though, the Mars Adept grunted. "You could say that."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"You can tell Mia to take her stupid Djinni back!"

Isaac blinked in surprise, and then glanced over at where Mia and Ivan seemed to be studying some flowers intensely. Supposedly, they had missed Gareth's outburst, or were

doing their best to pretend they had. "Why did she give it to you in the first place?"

"I don't KNOW," Gareth snapped. "I tried to get her to dump it on you or Ivan-"

"Hey!"

"-but she wouldn't hear of it. She insisted that I be the one to take the Djinni of the opposing element. Stroke of genius, that. This silly thing HATES me! She won't do anything I ask, she's constantly drenching me, and she laughs at me all the time!"

"Well," Isaac said slowly, "Mia must have had some reason for giving her to you. And I trust her judgment, so..."

"Just say you're whipped already," Gareth muttered.

"I am NOT-" Isaac began to say, but suddenly looked over to find Mia smiling warmly at him. "I...I...what were we talking about...?" he asked dumbly.

Rolling his eyes, Gareth got up and stomped off to be alone. Well, mostly alone, considering he had to lug Sour along with him. That was another thing: Sour wouldn't go into the designated pocket space with his Mars Djinn, and insisted on either being carried or riding around on his head.

Isaac watched him go with a puzzled look, and then turned back to Mia, who was now waving at him. Feeling strangely foolish, he grinned stupidly and waved back, wondering if maybe Gareth had a point.

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Garet felt like blasting something. That was what he needed, a chance to burn or melt something and let out some frustration. Of course, he was picturing something that wouldn't really fight back: a tree, a rock, or maybe a small mountain.

Had he known Fate was listening, he might've chosen something smaller...like a leaf. For while Fate could be a cruel mistress, she could also be quite a tricky character. So she provided something for Garet to blast, though it was not quite what he was hoping for. In short, it **WOULD** fight back, and it would put up a much better fight than a rock.

Perhaps this was how Garet stumbled upon the creature, and perhaps it wasn't. Either way, the next thing he knew, he was staring up at a Cruel Dragon that he had just roused from a peaceful nap.

Garet was no scholar, but he knew that Cruel Dragons preferred dark, damp places. Finding one in the middle of a well-lit forest was unheard of, not to mention impossible. But this was definitely a dragon, and the violet, pebbly flesh confirmed exactly what species it was. By that point, though Garet was less concerned with what kind of dragon it was, and how he would get away from it. And then he paused. He **HAD** wanted something to blast, and Cruel Dragons **WERE** weak against fire. What better way to let off some steam than a real challenge like this? It would give him a chance to use some high level Psyenergy, as well.

The dragon began to growl at him, clearly a sign that it was ready and willing to attack.

With a near feral grin, Garet stretched out his hand. "Pyroclasm!" He waited for the earth shaking, the mighty

explosion, the awesome heat whipping him into his face, and the screams of pain from the dragon.

He got none of them.

The dragon was staring at him expectantly now, and when it realized he wasn't really doing anything, it lunged at him, pinning Gareth to the ground and roaring in his face.

Garet grimaced more from the reek of its breath than from the dragon's huge bulk pressing down on his body. He wanted to struggle, but if he moved the wrong thing, he could easily end up breaking some bones (or worsening one that was already broken). Instead, he pressed a hand against the dragon's gaping maw, trying to both push it away and channel a Pyroclasm through it. But all he could seem to manage was a little bit of heat that only blistered the dragon's skin and probably made it angrier.

It was around this time that he felt Ivan's presence enter his mind.

"Hang on, Gareth! We're coming!"

Normally, he would've been angry that Ivan had read his mind again, but frankly, he wouldn't have been opposed to some help just then. The dragon was pretty heavy, and its breath wasn't getting any better. Also, it would probably eat him eventually. There was no hope of reaching his sword now, so he could either hope Ivan and the others got there quickly, or he could keep trying to use some form of Psyenergy to free himself. Since he wasn't sure how far he'd walked, he went with the latter.

But for some reason, none of Gareth's Psyenergy seemed to want to obey him. Even things he'd mastered long ago, like

Flare Wall and Flare Storm refused to work. Finally, he decided to use his Djinn.

"Fever! Scorch! Torch! Flash! GO!!!"

Instantly, Fever, Torch, and Scorch flew at the Cruel Dragon, striking it in one mighty, unified blow. But the dragon acted for all the world as if it had been a love tap.

Garet could feel Flash's protective aura around him, but he wasn't sure if it would do any good. Even if the dragon was weak against his attacks, in his current state, he would be even weaker against its own attacks.

"Stone Spire!" a familiar voice cried out.

The dragon screamed in pain as spikes of hard rock plunged into its back. It flapped its wings madly and glared as Garet's companions finally rushed onto the scene.

Garet could feel the dragon's body pulsing with power. "Look out!" he shouted. "It's going to attack!"

The Cruel Dragon screamed again, casting Freeze Prism upon the three Adepts. Isaac tackled Ivan to the ground and shielded his friend with his body, while Mia fell to one knee under the assault, wounded, but not badly so. She was the first to rise and continue approaching.

"Garet! Are you alright?!" she cried desperately.

"Fine! Stay back! Let Isaac and Ivan handle this!"

As if he'd heard, Ivan leapt to his feet. "Spark Plasma!" he yelled.

The dragon staggered as it was struck again and again by lightning, but still it didn't let Gareth up.

Garet winced as the dragon swayed atop him, doing his best not to scream in pain. That would only distract his friends. Suddenly, a Mercury Djinni appeared before him. At first, he was about to get angry, but then he realized it was Fizz, not Sour. Fizz hopped onto his shoulder, and Gareth felt strength returning to his pinned limbs. However, he still could not use any Psyenergy, and he wanted this dragon off of him five minutes ago. "I summon Meteor!"

The sky turned black as the huge Meteor fell, headed straight from the dragon.

"No, Gareth!" Mia wailed as Isaac pulled her back. "You'll hit yourself, too!"

"Get out of here!" Gareth shouted at her. "All of you!"

The dragon looked up and saw Gareth's summon, but did not seem at all concerned. It opened its mouth and let out another bloodcurdling scream.

Garet stared up in disbelief as the Cruel Dragon used Forth Spiral. The huge bubbles flew up and slammed into the Meteor quickly breaking it apart into little more than smoking pebbles. "There's...no way..."

"Keep fighting, Gareth!" Isaac shouted as he used Stone Spire again. It was by no means his strongest attack, but those all ran the risk of hurting his friend. "It's weakest against fire!"

"I can use my Psyenergy!" Gareth yelled in frustration. "Nothing will work!"

Ivan's eyes widened in realization. "Garet! Cast Fiery Blast!"

"What?! That's not one my-"

"DO IT, GARET!!!" Ivan and Mia ordered.

Frowning, Garet pressed his gloved hand against the dragon's front leg. "Fiery Blast?"

To his complete shock, there was an explosion of fire (not as grand as Pyroclasm, but at least it worked), and the dragon wavered, if only slightly.

Garet was fuming. "What?! You mean that's my BEST attack right now?! What's going on here?!"

"Your class has changed!" Ivan shouted. "It's because of Sour!"

"You have to use her, Garet!" Mia cried. "She can help you!"

Reluctantly, Garet muttered, "Go, Sour..."

Instantly, the Mercury Djinni leaped onto his head and launched herself at the dragon, breaking apart into little bits of blue as she impacted on its chin. The dragon looked slightly dazed afterwards, but gave no signs that Sour had had any real effect.

"Garet! Give me one of your Djinni! Hurry!" Isaac called.

Realizing what his friend was planning, Garet did as he was told.

"Planet Diver!" Isaac yelled as flew up into the air, and then came down on the dragon's head with a terrific crash.

The Cruel Dragon tumbled off of Gareth and vanished into thin air.

Before Gareth could even take a breath, Mia was leaning over him, pressing her hands to his chest and pouring healing Psyenergy into his body. Isaac and Ivan soon crowded around, their faces sweaty from exertion and their eyes wide with worry.

Isaac even leaned forward to use his own Cure spells, but Ivan stopped him. "That dragon might have friends, Isaac."

When enough of his strength had returned for him to do so, Gareth grabbed Mia's arm. "Mia, PLEASE take Sour back," he pleaded with the Mercury Adept. "I can't do this. Fighting is the only way I can let out stress, and I need strong attacks to do that. I can't fight this way. I can't LIVE this way! You saw what happened!"

But to his great surprise, Mia drew back with tears in her eyes. "I'm sorry, Gareth, but I can't. I just can't!" She turned and ran off, followed closely by Ivan.

Isaac grabbed Gareth's arm and helped him up. "I know this will take some getting used to, but-"

"DON'T. Want. To hear it," Gareth growled, shoving him off and stomping off after the others.

Sighing, Isaac shook his head and brought up the rear.

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Over the next few days, Gareth's mood did not improve. Thankfully, they ran into no more Cruel Dragons, but for the most part, whenever there was a battle, Gareth stayed back and watched on with envious eyes. He had decided to let

Isaac hang onto the borrowed Mars Djinni, just in case they did need a REAL Mars attack like Planet Diver.

Garet was now beyond caring whether Mia cried over him or not. If she was willing to ruin his life and torment him by forcing him to keep Sour, then he didn't care what she did. In fact, he made sure she knew that by sending her constant glares whenever their eyes met. It gave him an odd sense of satisfaction when she looked away first, her eyes shining with unshed tears.

Both Isaac and Ivan found there was nothing they could say on the matter. In truth, it did seem a bit unfair of Mia to reduce Garet's array of great attacks down to three or four not so useful ones. But both of them firmly believed that Mia had a good reason for it, even if they couldn't see it. They spent their days saying nothing and their nights comforting Mia while she cried herself to sleep.

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If Garet had not yet decided that Sour was bad luck for him, he decided it when he found a Druj glaring down at him.

Most people had never even seen one before, and Garet himself had thought them legends and nothing more. But the axe it held was definitely real, he quickly realized with it took a few hairs from his head. He scrambled out the way, throwing himself to the ground as Freeze Prism rained down all around him.

"Wait...that's a Mercury attack," Garet gasped. "So he's weak against Mars! Might as well set him up for Isaac."

Rolling over, Garet grabbed Sour from his shoulder and threw her at the Druj, grinning maniacally all the while. As usual, Sour exploded in the creature's face, making it dizzy,

but (as Gareth had finally figured out) also reducing its elemental resistance.

But the Druj obviously had no intention in waiting for Isaac, as it charged, swinging its axe while it ran at him.

"Man, I miss my Pyroclas—AAAAAAHHH!!!"

Garet was thrown off his feet as the familiar Psyenergy exploded from his fingertips, knocking him and the Druj to the ground. But where the Druj got up looking singed and wounded, Gareth rose feeling as if an old friend was embracing him.

Garet chuckled. "Oh, you are SO dead, buddy."

By the time Isaac and the others showed up, the Druj was gone, and Gareth was standing there triumphantly, his head tossed back, as he laughed loud and long.

"Um...Garet?" Isaac asked slowly.

"I'm BACK, baby!" Gareth yelled, casting another Pyroclasm just to show he could.

Isaac, Ivan, and Mia leaped out of the way.

"WATCH IT!" Ivan cried, desperately beating flames out of his cape.

Mia approached hesitantly. "...you used Sour first, didn't you?"

Garet stopped laughing and stared at her. "...yeah, I guess I did."

She smiled at him. "And that's when your Psyenergy came back, wasn't it?"

"Um...maybe, but-"

"All you had to do," Mia interrupted gently, "was have faith in her power."

Garet decided not to tell her that that had NOT been the case. "Sure. Well, you can take her back now..."

"Oh, no," Mia said at once, shaking her head. "I couldn't."

"But!" Garet tried to say as Sour appeared on his shoulder again. "You--!!!"

"I can't take her back. She wants to stay with you."

"...that's a LIE!" Garet cried, placing Sour on the ground. He backed up at once. "Go! Go to the one you want!"

Mia sighed. "Garet, that won't-"

"CALL her!" he shouted.

Shaking her head, Mia bent down. "Come here, girl. Come back to me, Sour..."

Sour began to hop toward Mia, but halfway, she stopped and looked back at Garet.

Garet's eyes widened. "NO. Don't you DARE. Don't you even THINK it!"

Chirring happily, Sour turned around and hopped toward him.

"NO! GET AWAY FROM ME!!!" Garet tried to run, but soon found he had his own personal rain cloud again.

"GAAAAAAH!!! GET HER OFF ME!!!" He brushed wildly at his hair, trying to keep the rain out.

"You see, I can't take Sour back," Mia explained, sending the rain cloud away. "She wants to be with you. She...loves you, Gareth."

"Then why does she always rain on me?!" he demanded as Sour hopped onto his shoulder and rubbed against his cheek.

"Well, she IS a Mercury Djinni. She probably thinks you're supposed to like rain. At least, I would..."

"Well, I'M NOT YOU!!! That's reason enough to take her back!"

Mia shook her head. "No. If you want to be able to use your favorite attacks, all you have to do is call on Sour first. That way, you'll both be happy."

Garet glared at her. "How I hate you..."

Mia beamed at him. "I know you don't mean that, Gareth." She stepped closed, stood on her toes, and gave him a peck on the cheek. "Despite your affinity for fire, I think you could've made a decent Mercury Clan member."

"...you know, I've always wondered what it would be like to have my own Mercury Djinni," Ivan said suddenly, blushing bright red.

"IVAN!!!" Isaac cried in shock in outrage.

"Well, I suppose I could lend you each one," Mia replied, grinning widely.

"What is this, the Mercury Djinni Exchange Program?" Gareth muttered.

"Hey, you HAD your turn," Ivan snapped. "Let someone else get kis—um, I mean, take care of a Djinni of another element..."

Mia giggled as a bulging vein appeared in Isaac's forehead.

The Venus Adept grabbed his friend. "Ivan, I'd like a word with you...over there, behind that tree...where there are no witnesses. Here, let me GUIDE you with my sword..."

"No, no! I'm fine!" Ivan protested as Isaac dragged him away.

"You see? This all worked out for the best!" Mia declared, looping her arm through Gareth's.

Garet decided not to say anything. He still didn't LIKE Mia... but, for some odd reason, being around her wasn't as irritating anymore. In fact, if she didn't ever talk, he reasoned, she might even be downright tolerable. Maybe.

The End.

In case you didn't know, Sour is from Golden Sun: The Lost Age, and she lowers an enemy's elemental resistance. How did she get here, you ask? Simple: she swam and/or walked. ^_^;

Druj and Cruel Dragon are also from GS:TLA. They, um....walked and flew, respectively. ^_^;;;